

North Brackfield February the 15. 1844

Dear Cousin

It's With a Pleasure that I ^{can} write a few lines to you
Whilst we are so far & I fear that we can only
Just With a pen when we want to hear from each
I note that I ^{could} be with you and converse
with you You must Write to me When Uncle
Whiting comes Down I am to School to Day
and All my Brothers
They are All Well Only David has got the whooping
Cough Father and Mamma are Well Give my love to
Goswamm Give my love to Sarah and to Anna Whiting
Elizabeth Whiting to Hannah Whiting

Soon as the evening shades ^{fall} and oft pining eyes in rich ^{the} bower
The moon takes up the ^{ancient} ^{tail} dress and Diamonds glitter
and nightly to the listening earth
repeats the story of the birth on an anxious

a Mrs

Mannah Whiting Of

68 2 2

~~to the~~

Hingham

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